OUR STATE ARMY AND NAVY

A JOURNAL FOR OUR VOLUNTEER SOLDIERS.

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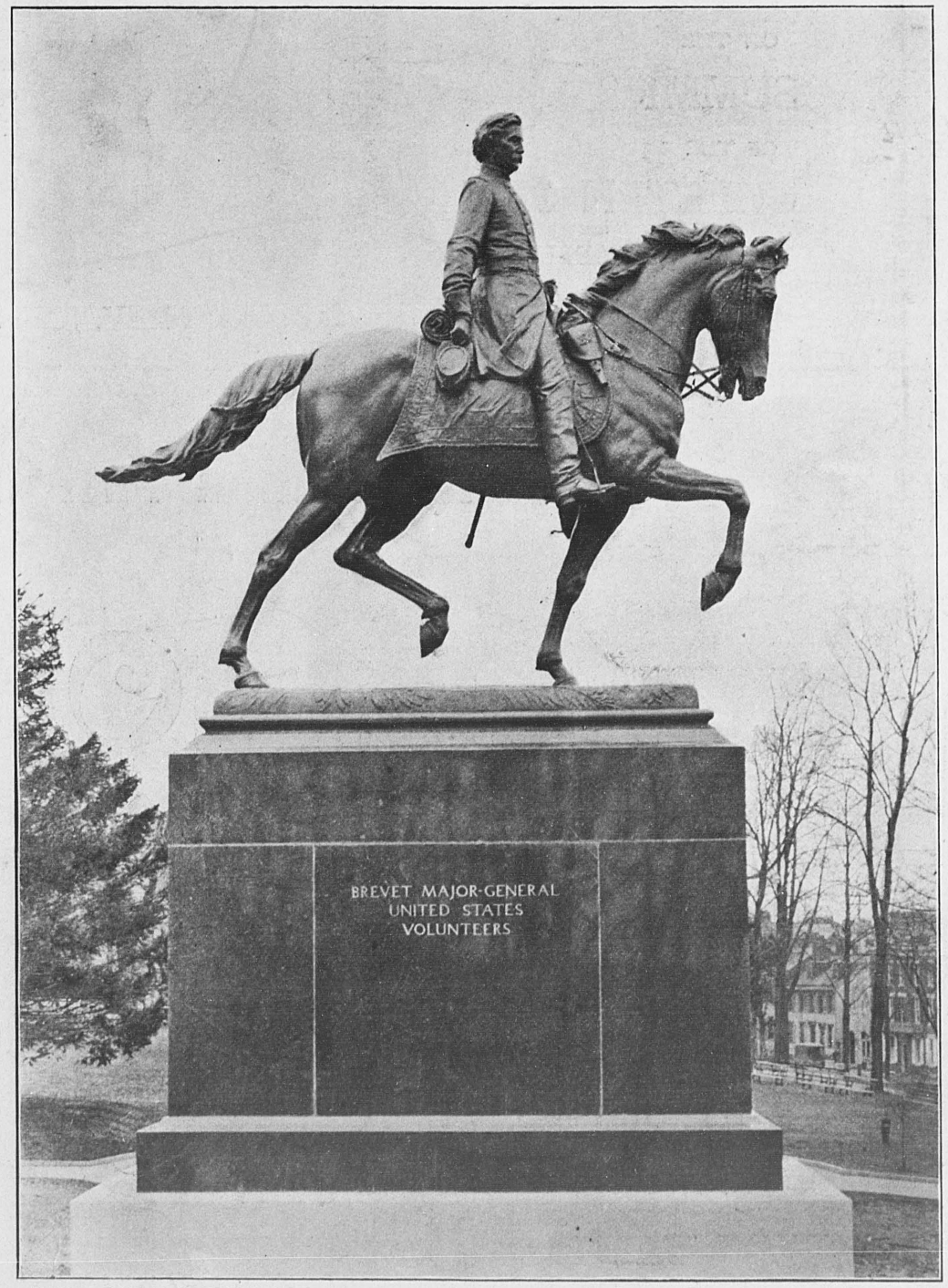

Equestrian Statue of BREVET MAJOR GENERAL JOHN FREDERIC HARTRANFT, Harrisburg, Pa.
Unveiled May 12, 1899

THE FOUNDER OF THE NATIONAL GUARD OF PENNSYLVANIA

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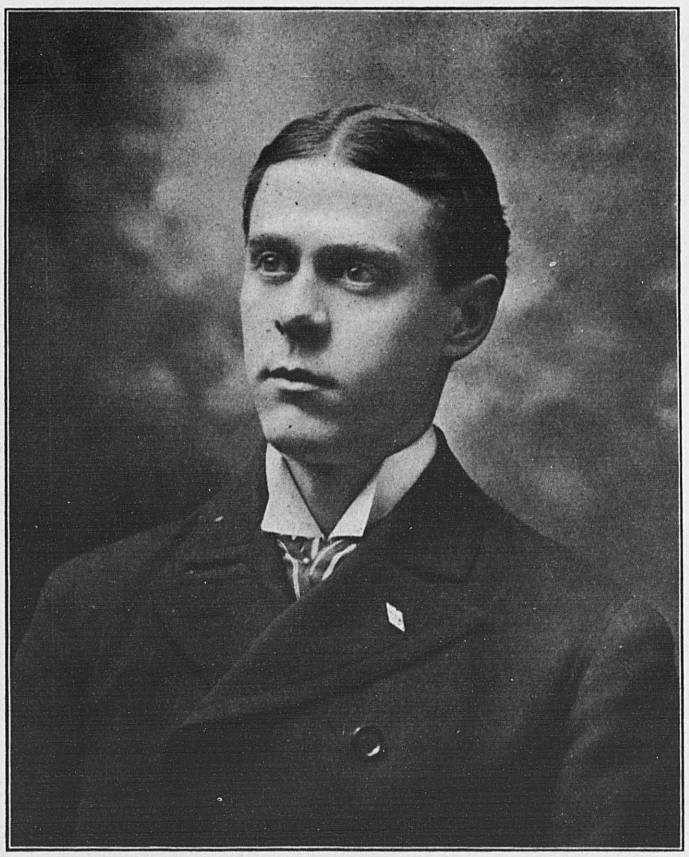
THE BATTLE OF MALATE.

By EDWARD M. POWER, JR., Co. "H.," 10th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry.

DEWEY'S victory over the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay, on the first of May, 1898, gave rise to a new and unlooked for problem in the prosecution of the war with Spain. In order to follow up the advantages gained by him and to secure full control of the Philippines, it was necessary to send reinforcements of land troops from the United States at the earliest possible date. And it was estimated that an army of at least 20,000 men would be necessary to capture Manila and garrison the Island. The occasion demanded great haste, but if there was cause for hurry it was none the less important that the army should consist of the very best soldiers the country could muster. General Merritt, who was put in command of the army of invasion asked that regulars be given him, thinking that they would be better trained for the hardships of actual warfare, but owing to their efficiency, he accepted a few western volunteer regiments and one volunteer organization of the east—the Tenth Pennsylvania.

The Tenth Pennsylvania, therefore, the regiment that went out from among you, from among the people of this western end of the State, was the only eastern volunteer regiment chosen for service in the Philippines, and it was this regiment that was called upon to open up hostilities in the campaign about Manila. Since the Tenth is so much a part of you, I thought that perhaps a short narrative of that first battle —the battle of Malate, in which so many of our brave men fell—might be of interest to the many readers of the Journal. I am just going to tell you a plain, simple story of the battle, bringing in a few of the more important events leading up to it.

About a year ago, we were encamped at Mt. Gretna, not knowing whether we were ever to see active service or not. We had been camping three weeks in the rain and snow when one bright morning orders came to break camp and proceed to Chickamauga, but before those orders could be carried out another message came flying across the wires changing our destination to San Francisco there to become a part of Merritt's army for the invasion of the Philippines. The new order was received with great cheering, for the prospect of a trip to the far off Dewey Islands awakened all the love of adventure there was in us and at the time we were pretty full of that sort of thing. We broke camp that day and by nine o'clock had started on our long trip across the continent—a trip that we all enjoyed in a way, though it was not unaccompanied by hardships and privations. The cars were crowded and the food supply was not of the best, but the enthusiasm of the people all along the route kept our spirits high. After six long days and longer nights we arrived at Oakland and were ferried across to San Francisco, where we were given a royal reception by the ladies of the California Red Cross Society. It has been said on what seems to be good authority that the Tenth Pennsylvania received a greater ovation than did either the First or the Seventh California commands when they entered San Francisco. We remained in camp there three weeks, and life in a camp of preparation is not one round of pleasure. Those were weeks of hard drilling, of dull routine, though the kindness of the people rendered the hardships much lighter. But three weeks was quite long enough and we were delighted when on the fourteenth of June, the order was given to break camp and go aboard the troop-ship "Zealandia." We were tired of the hard drilling and looked forward to a good long rest on the boat. Well, we had the rest, but I don't remember of having gotten anything else, unless perhaps it was a sunburn or a can of embalmed beef.



EDWARD M. POWER, JR.,
Co. "H.," 10th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry.

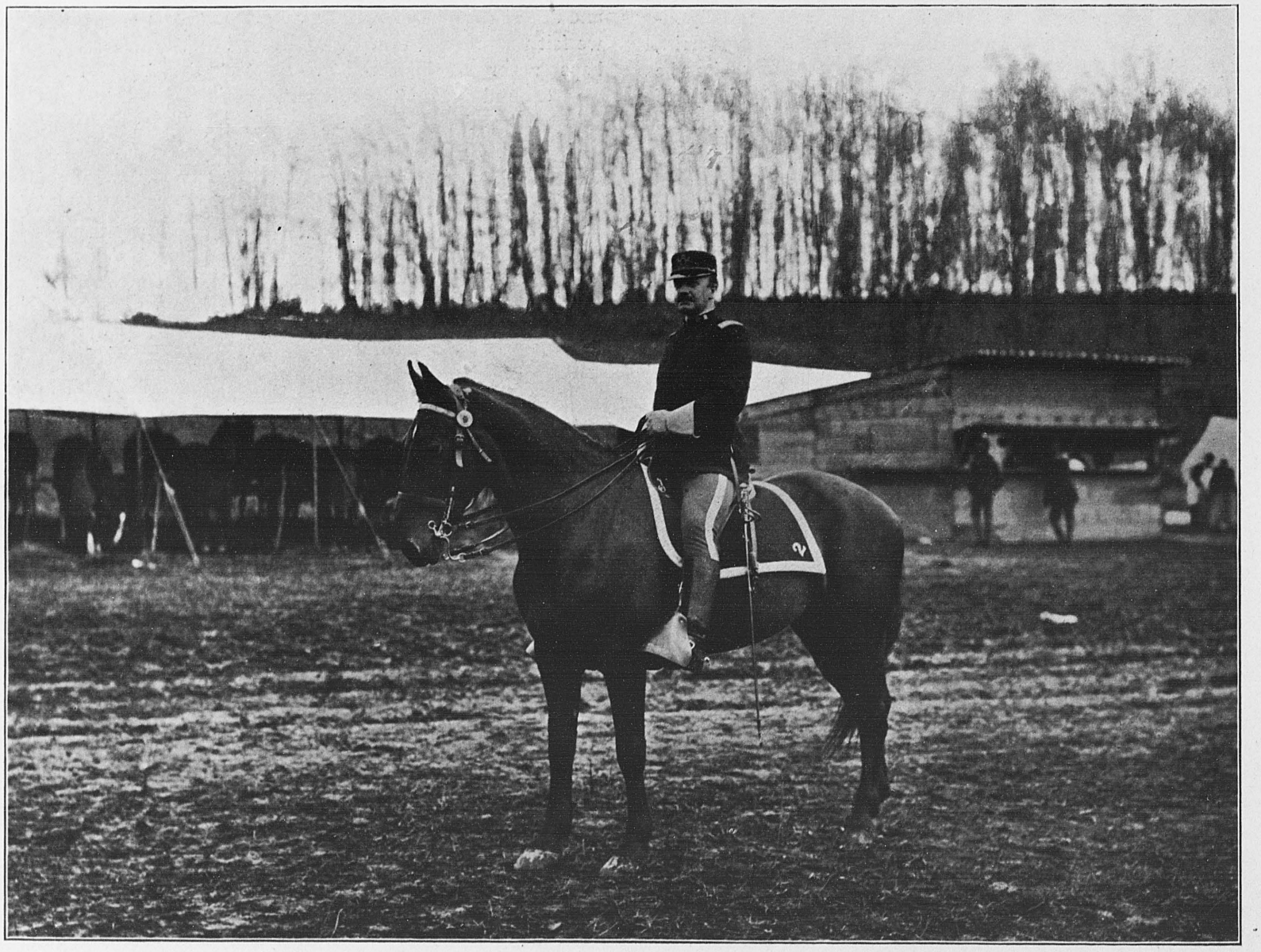
On the fifteenth of June we weighed anchor, passed out through the Golden Gate amid the booming of cannon and the wild tooting of horns, and as the nose of our vessel swung around and pointed off toward Manila, we felt that we were leaving behind all that was near and dear to us, perhaps never to be seen or enjoyed again. Thirty-two days later we entered Manila Bay. It was the latter part of a calm, sultry day and we drifted slowly with the tide into the harbor. There was that perfect quiet that prevails over nature in the languor of tropical heat; the turning of a plank or the dropping of any thing on deck was echoed from side to side, and if by chance the bugle was sounded, there were tongues that mocked it all along the shore. Who of us will ever forget that first sight of Manila Bay? To the right, as we entered, were the grim looking forts and the shore batteries of Cavite, their rough and uneven lines standing out against the clear blue of the sky. To the left was old Manila, with its buttressed walls and white buildings and general appearance of antiquity. To the front, and soon all around us, were our own great warships, lying within easy sight of the destruction they had so recently caused. There was a feeling of quiet luxury in gazing on the tropical scenery, but the sunken war vessels and the grim old forts gave rise to other, sterner feelings. In the midst of it all, we dropped anchor, and as we swung around with the tide, the sun's rim dipped and the west was lighted up with all the glorious colorings imaginable. In that part of the world the dark comes on in a single bound, but during that brief sunset the great warships and the old forts and the gruesome remains of the Spanish fleet made a pretty picture against the bright colorings. As night drew on, the rattle of musketry came to us from the land and the little puffs of white smoke here and there told us that the natives were engaging the Spanish. The great warships moved quietly about, patroling the coast, and flashing their ghastly search lights up and down and in and out among the many vessels in the harbor. Many of us realized that night more vividly than ever before the real meaning of war.

I did not talk of the long voyage across the Pacific, probably because it was accompanied by so very few pleasant memories, but I can assure you that the thirty-two days spent on that crowded government troop-ship were not days of restful pleasure. They were days accompanied by privations, by sickness and disease, while the broiling sun beat down on us so mercilessly that it melted the pitch and caused it to ooze and bubble out between the planks of the deck.

On the twenty-first of July we went ashore, unloading with the aid of

lighters and then carrying the baggage and equipments from the lighters through the shallow water, a distance of perhaps fifty yards, to the shore. The camp was pitched on a peanut plantation, some five miles south of Manila. Shelter tents, scarcely large enough for one man were given us, but we were two to a tent and the thin canvas afforded little protection against the burning sun or the drenching rain. After ten days of guard and outpost duty in the rain and mud, we were ordered to the front and while there repulsed a concerted attack of the entire Spanish army and won the victory in the first land battle. It was a hard fought struggle. The Spanish outnumbered us four to one. They made many brave dashes and hurled more than a hundred thousand rounds of ammunition into our ranks, while their field guns and fort batteries kept up a continual fire. But, notwithstanding their gallant persistence and almost overwhelming numbers, there was but one short moment that things looked dubious for our men. It was when our ammunition ran out. The battle, while it lasted, was probably one of the fiercest ever fought, but it was fought at night, and, like all other such attacks, accomplished only the expenditure of a great deal of ammunition and the killing and wounding of a number of men. It is estimated that our men shot at least 60,000 rounds of ammunition, while the Spanish must have used twice that much.

The Tenth Pennsylvania Regiment was not chosen from among the troops in camp to open up hostilities, but the honor, as it proved to be, was thrust upon us by the enemy. Colonel Hawkins had been ordered to take his command to the front to finish building and hold the entrenchments for twenty-four hours. The Colonel was not feeling well, so he turned the command over to Major Cuthbertson, that gallant fighter from Beaver County, who was next in rank, owing to the absence on detached duty, of Lieutenant Colonel Barnette. We left camp at eight o'clock Sunday morning, with Companies A, B, C, D, E, H, I and K, but before starting, were lined up in front of headquarters to listen to a few words and a short prayer by our Chaplain, that good old Presbyterian minister from Monongahela—Chaplain Hunter. We carried 24 hours' rations, 45 rounds of ammunition, and picks and shovels with which to throw up the intrenchments; and as we moved off ankle deep in the swampy rice fields or picking our way through the dense jungles, a great eagle circled over our heads and then moved off toward the mountains. We took it as a good omen, though at that time we had no thought of the impending battle. About a mile from camp, Company B, the Company that went out from this County, was left at a small convent to guard the roads leading from Manila and from Maricabon, a little town south and east from Manila. The remainder of the command, after winding in and out through the jungle for an hour or more, arrived at the front, and found two detachments of the Utah Light Artillery, comprising two officers and perhaps one hundred and fifty men, already at work. Anybody who has ever shoveled sand or worked on the roads during the hot summer days can imagine what sort of work we had to do that day, while the thermometer stood at about 120 in the shade. But we realized that we were working for ourselves and that may have lightened the task. A few hundred yards nearer the City—the goal of our efforts—we could see the Spanish at the same sort of employment. Through the glasses they could be seen filling the bags with sand and placing them in position. We didn't have any sand bags, but we worked all day on those breastworks just as if we had known that our lives depended upon the carefulnesss of their construction and it is well enough that we did, for had the work been poorly done, but few of our number would have lived to tell the story of the battle. Unless, indeed, they had followed the plan of some of the Filipinos during their war with Spain. It is said that just before the beginning of an engagement the Filipino captain lined his men up and in a loud voice told them that the time had now come for them to strike for their country and for their homes. The majority took him at his word and struck for their homes as fast as their feet could carry them.



COLONEL HENRY T. DECHERT

SECOND INFANTRY

COLONEL RICHARD DALE BENSON
FIRST INFANTRY (Retired)

Private Commonwealth Pennsylvania Artillery, April 24, 1861; Second Lieutenant One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, August 11, 1862; First Lieutenant, January 1, 1863; Honorably Mustered out May 29, 1865; Brevetted Captain and Major United States Volunteers for "conspicuous gallantry at battle of Chancellorsville, Virginia," March 13, 1865; Adjutant First Regiment Infantry, January 22, 1868; Major February 29, 1868; Lieutenant Colonel, December 9, 1868; Colonel, June 4, 1873; resigned October 10, 1877.

During the afternoon a few shots were exchanged. One of our sharpshooters thought he saw a Spaniard creeping through the tall grass toward our line. He blazed away and the Spaniard, which turned out to be nothing more or less than one of those miserable little half starved looking Filipino dogs, leaped into the air and then trotted off on three legs.

The Spaniards fired two or three shots at one of our officers who exposed himself on the roof of an old monastery, in order to get a more commanding view of the enemy's position, but there was nothing to indicate the brewing of a great battle, and by night we were so thoroughly tired out that many of us spread our rubber blankets on the ground and stretched out for a nap. There had been no fighting the night before, and we slept peacefully, if such a thing is possible when the mosquitoes are rolling you about in their frantic efforts to allow no part of your body go unpunctured But we didn't have long to sleep. The Spaniards had figured out another plan, whereby they expected to give us a sleep of longer duration, but in their reckoning they had not made allowances for Western Pennsylvania grit, and so their plans were not successful, though they did succeed in putting to that long death sleep, six of our brave fellows; yes, seven, for one died the following day, and in wounding twenty-nine.

It was about eleven o'clock when the enemy began a heavy infantry and artillery fire on our immediate front all along the intrenched line and it wasn't necessary for anybody to kick us on the soles of our feet to let us know the battle was on.

It's up to us, boys," cried out the Major, as he threw himself into the thick of the fight. "Let's show those Spanish devils what our Springfields are for." We didn't need a second invitation. Our Captain was on the scene already and springing into the trenches we returned the fire by volley after volley from our Springfields. The enemy was using smokeless powder, so that it was impossible to determine his position exactly, while our old Springfields threw out all the glow of a row of coke ovens. It was a very pretty sight, though at the time I do not think we quite appreciated the picturesqueness of it.

How did we young soldiers who had never been in battle before feel when the firing began? I hardly know. We had been wakened from our sleep night after night while in camp, by the petty engagements between the Spa nish and the Filipinos, and we knew that fighting must come sooner or later. We were "spoiling for it," to use a phrase that was common then. But here we were now in the very thick of battle. The thundering of the cannon and the crack, crack, crack of the Mausers was deafening, not to mention the noise we were making on our own side of the fence.

The night was as black as Egypt, and that may have added horror to it all, but just what the real feeling was I hardly know. It is said that in the first battle the soldier is timid, but that after once passing through the fire he knows no fear in future engagements.

This may be true, but I have slight recollection of seeing old veterans of the Civil War ducking their heads just as regularly as the rawest recruits when the shells came whizzing over our line.

On the thirteenth of August, when we stormed the City, there was perhaps not as much fear among us, but was it due to having passed through one fire or to the *daylight*, while the first battle was fought at night.

After perhaps 45 minutes of rapid volley firing our ammunition ran out and we were placed in about as critical a position as one cares to be. *Retreat?* No; I didn't hear anybody suggest such a thing. The command was, *Fix bayonets.* And fix bayonets we did. Word had been sent to camp for more ammunition, but it could not possibly arrive in less than half an hour. From one to two rounds was withheld, in anticipation of a charge, and during that half hour we knelt in the mud and water, every moment expecting to find the Spanish on the points of our bayonets. It was a terrible half hour, but the men waited with a coolness that would have done credit to an army of old and experienced soldiers.

There was a firm determination written on the face of every man not to let a Spanish soldier get through that line. Not a man faltered, and though the enemy came closer and closer, he was held at bay by the four guns of the Utah Light Artillery, that belched out grape and canister, shells and solid shot.

Soon after the battle began, a cold chilling rain set in, and during this long wait, the wind quickened until it tore into shreds the heavy banana foliage.

It seemed as if the clouds had been torn open and great torrents of rain came rattling down, The lightning leaped from place to place and the thunder rent the air with its terrible explosions. The gloom was fearful, illuminated more fearfully by the streams of lightning which glittered among the raindrops, lighting up our position for the enemy.

Never had I seen such a warring of the elements. It seemed as if all the artillery of heaven had been turned loose, as if to throw in the shade our own little game of fireworks.

The storm continued, but the terrible suspense was over when the ammunition finally came. Then went up a rousing cheer. The enemy may have mistaken the cheering for an attempt to rush him down, for he opened up from all sides and then followed the hardest of the battle. *Load, ready, aim, fire,* and the volunteers, many of whom had never before seen the smoke of battle, raised their heads and shoulders above the breastworks and discharged their rifles, while the shot and shell of the enemy were whizzing overhead, thick and fast. What pity it is that they didn't all go over our heads. Six men killed and twenty-nine wounded shows that they didn't.

While we were engaging the enemy in the front, three of our Companies, E, D, and K, were engaged in an almost hand-to-hand combat outside the trenches. Our left flank was unprotected by breastworks and an attempt on the part of the enemy to force this flank was anticipated just in time to save what might have been defeat. These three Companies were sent out in a detached line to the east of our breastworks and many of the killed and wounded were from these unprotected Companies, which at one time had to face the enemy and stand his fire at a distance of less than fifty yards. The wily Spanish had crept up through the rank grass and heavy underbrush to within a few yards of our outposts before they were discovered.

They attempted to go farther, but were forced to change their direction and seek shelter behind their own intrenchments. Our men shot away all their ammunition and then retreated to cover, but they had won the game. Some of the men of these unprotected Companies had hand to hand combats with the enemy. Others laid all night in the rice swamp between the two fires.

When the battle began, Col. Hawkins rejoined the men, who received him with loud cheering.

Shortly before our ammunition arrived, and while we were standing with bayonet fixed, waiting for the charge, we were reinforced by Battery K, of the Third United States Artillery, armed as infantry. The First Sergeant of this Battery was shot down within two minutes after he arrived, but the rest of the men escaped unhurt. Later, two battalions of the First California Volunteer Regiment came to our assistance.

The enemy finally withdrew and the firing ceased at about 3 o'clock. But the rain continued. It beat down upon us mercilessly as we lay there. The men wishing, as we had never wished before, for daylight. The heat of battle had caused us to perspire freely, but during that long wait the cold and wet chilled every one to the bone. The chattering of teeth along the line sounded louder than the croaking of the frogs in the rice swamp. About daybreak, a few shots were fired, but they were only occasional shots from sharpshooters. The battle was over.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR "OUR STATE ARMY AND NAVY" JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR:—I would respectfully call your attention to an article which was published in one of the Pittsburgh papers referring to our Battery D as "Home Guards." It is quite true that we did not have the opportunity of responding to a third call, but nevertheless our boys were ready and willing to serve as United States Volunteers.

In justice to men who were willing to render this service, I sincerely hope that you will give some mention of the affair in your Journal.

Very respectfully,
D. G. C., Battery D, N. G. P.

In commenting on the above correspondence, we believe it was distinctly understood that no volunteer organizations at large would be taken to fill up Pennsylvania's quota, from time to time, unless first regularly mustered into the State service, and as mentioned before in our columns, we feel, had the opportunity been presented to the new organizations, Pennsylvania would have been justly proud of her junior sons.

THE PROPER ORGANIZATION OF THE MACHINE GUN ARM.

THE first preliminary question is on what basis the new arm is to be organized and how large it is to be. Its size must be correlated to that of the Army. Present indications are that public sentiment has crystallized upon 100,000 men for the Army; this number of troops will therefore be taken as a basis of calculation.

The status of the new arm is also to be determined. It may be incorporated into the Artillery, may be attached to the other arms in the form of independent, auxiliary fragments, or may be organized as an independent arm. The determining consideration should be, "What are the functions of the machine gun arm?"

As demonstrated upon the battlefield, it is the most versatile of arms. It can, in some cases, take the place of artillery, in others, that of infantry or cavalry, and has, moreover, a distinct field of usefulness peculiarly its own. It is infinitely superior to any other arm against flesh and blood, within its effective ranges. It takes the place of reserves and supports for infantry arms, it adds considerably to the strength of an outpost, is the backbone of advance and rear guards, and renders a position captured impregnable against counter assaults. Moreover, it can be made to go wherever infantry can penetrate, and can move with all the celerity of the best cavalry. Its defensive uses are equally numerous and varied. There is no place in, on or about a fortification where it is not welcomed.

Shall it be part of the artillery?

The function of artillery is to destroy material obstacles and to produce a moral effect. The losses of life caused by it are insignificant. It has the most limited role, and is the most expensive arm of the service. It operates at long range where the optician aids the naked eye to see invisible objectives. The artillerist must be a cold-blooded man of science. His head is full of long formulas and of different integrations of impossible differentials. He seeks to view the unseen, to measure empty space, and to make allowances for hygrometric densities of unknown air currents.

The machine-gun man belongs to a different class. He must be hot-blooded and dashing. He is not to reason on abstruse theories or to approximate different ranges; his gun does all that for him. His part is to dash into the storm of musketry, the hell of battle, and to rule that storm by the superior weight, accuracy and intensity of his fire.

COLONEL HENRY A. SHENTON

6th Infantry

In France, the weapon has always been regarded as part of the artillery, and the French have been notoriously unsuccessful in their use of machine guns. The functions of the arm entirely different from those of artillery, the necessary training of its men dissimilar from artillery training, and the machine guns have been already tested by another nation as part of that arm, with a failure as the result. We should therefore discard that idea at once. It is absolutely necessary to get away from the artillery idea in order to be successful.

The machine gun arm is equally separated from infantry and cavalry. Its equipment and training are so different that to attach it to either of them would be to sacrifice the tactical unity of the arm to which it might be so attached, impairing its usefulness without securing the full development of the power of the machine guns. The English have adopted the system of auxiliary fragments, and have used them successfully in the recent Soudan war. But this was against a savage foe, ignorant of the science of tactics and the art of intrenchment. From all parts of their service have come complaints, hitherto, that the machine guns hampered the movements of the battalions to which they were attached, and there is no other conspicuous example of their effective use in the English service, nor of such use against a civilized foe. Why should we try a doubtful plan, used by a foreign country, when our own service has furnished the most conspicuous examples of their successful use and the only example of their use against a civilized foe? The organization successfully developed in our own country is the one to be logically adopted, even if it were one of several successful systems.

As a matter if fact, the organization adopted in our own country for the Santiago campaign is the only one which has undergone the test of civilized war in any country. Its success is a matter of record, and has led other countries to the adoption of systems based thereon.

In the campaign, the guns were organized as an independent arm, and were given almost complete independence of action. It is believed that the results there obtained could not have been secured without that independence of action and organization so wisely conceded by General Shafter, who showed himself in this, as in other matters, a leader of the most advanced thought.

The perfectly trained and thoroughly competent machine gun man is the highest type of the modern soldier. The functions he must perform are so varied and his field of usefulness is so large that he must have special training for his work. He must thoroughly understand the tactical possibilities of all the other arms of the service, and the usefulness of his own in relation to them. He must make thorough study of the conditions under which his work will be performed, and prepare in advance an intelligent plan for every emergency. These conditions cannot be met without special training and study. They demand a distinct personnel within its own line of promotion. They demand a separate arm, independent of the other arms, as they are of each other.

The organization will be therefore treated from that standpoint.

To organize an army of 100,000 men will mean approximately 85,000 total for the combined strength of the infantry and cavalry. The relative proportion of men in the machine gun arm is small, and it is not expensive. The best of machine guns can be bought at the low price of $1,000 each. In order to arrive at the strength of the proposed arm, we must assume its strength relative to the infantry and cavalry. The correct organization should be able to sandwich a machine gun between every pair of battalions, at the same time maintaining a tactical reserve of sufficient strength. It is therefore necessary to base the calculations upon a machine gun to every battalion of infantry and every squadron of cavalry, then estimate the proper reserves.

(To be continued.)

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Advertising Rates

Furnished on application. The value of this Journal can be seen at a glance. If you have anything that Soldiers should be interested in, this is the proper place to display it.

CAPT. Phillippi, commanding Company A, of the Eleventh Regiment, has a very superb command and expects to be attached to the Fourth Infantry. The Captain is an old time Guardsman, having served for many years as First Lieutenant of Company A, of the Fourth Infantry. As advocated on several occasions by the Journal, we still feel that Reading should have an entire battalion of infantry.

CAPT. Jacob Weidel, ex-Mayor of Reading, was stricken with blindness several days ago. It is a most unfortunate affair, as the Captain is in the prime of life and had bright business prospects before him. He was a volunteer officer of infantry in the Rebellion, and received his commisssion solely through merit. We sincerely hope that the sight is not entirely destroyed, and that some relief may be had.

THE Commencement Drill of the Cheltenham Military Academy on June 14, was all that could be expected. The Cadets displayed a remarkable degree of efficiency, and the many relatives and friends who attended, as well as the military visitors, thoroughly appreciated the exercises, which clearly demonstrated that Cheltenham is an up-to-date institution, and with Col. John D. Skilton as its Principal and the new West Point officer as its military instructor, it bids fair to become one of the foremost military institutions in the land.

THE "Reina Mercedes" is the most valuable trophy of the war. She is a well-built ship, and capable, after overhauling and re-arming, of being made into a serviceable modern cruiser of the protective type. Her original armament consisted of six 6.2 inch Hontoria Guns; two 2.7 inch; three 2.2 inch; two 1.5 inch and six 1.4 inch rapid-fire guns, with two machine guns. She was fitted up with no less than five torpedo tubes, and as all of these are above water, they will probably be closed up, the above-water discharges being now considered as constituting a greater danger to the ship that carries them than to the enemy.

The new armament will consist of six 6-inch American guns, of the new long caliber, smokeless powder pattern, and the several sizes at present in the secondary battery will be replaced by our standard 6-pounder and 1-pounder rapid-fire guns. The new navy 6-inch gun will be a more powerful weapon than the old 6.2 inch Hontoria weapons; and that the latter were destructive was shown by the havoc wrought by a shell from one of the weapons which was fired from the Socapa battery and entered the forward battery of the "Texas," putting it out of action for the time being.

The coal capacity of the "Reina Mercedes" is 600 tons. Allowing for depreciation of her machinery, it will be seen that her speed is about the same and her coal capacity greater than the new cruisers, authorized by the last Congress, thus rendering her admirably adapted to the particular class of service for which they have been designed.

MUCH has been said about organizations who drill and parade with arms. Several years ago a bill was presented to the Pennsylvania Legislature entitled "An Act restricting the use of highways, streets, lanes and avenues of this Commonwealth to armed bodies of men and boys."

At that time some opposition developed to the bill, but principally among organizations who did not understand it. It was not aimed at the Sons of Veterans or any other patriotic society, but was the outgrowth of the sentiment prevailing among the National Guard of the State, who bitterly opposed, and with just cause, the existence of so-called independent organizations that are continually a menace to the autonomy of the State.

It is not considered necessary for any body of men to go armed, unless its object is to defend the State or Nation, under its regular constituted authorities. Moreover, it is not necessary, but in principle dangerous. We have our State forces to uphold our laws; is it therefore wise to allow irresponsible bodies of men, banded together, with object not solely patriotic, to parade with arms on our highways. What is to prevent such organizations from using these arms against the enlisted forces of the State when called out to suppress them?

We had a demonstration some years ago in Chicago which now furnishes a strong argument for the suppression of these organizations. The Anarchistic Society there determined to hold a parade. It was well known that they were armed, and after the newspapers had taken up the subject, Mayor Harrison issued an edict that they should not carry arms. The command was contemptuously ignored. The parade was held on Sunday and every man, woman and child carried arms of some kind. There were several cannon on floats, and derisive signs relative to the Mayor's order were in plenty. In ridicule of the order, some carried axes and hammers, and all sorts of weapons were there. Fortunately, no serious trouble occurred.

It is not against any particular Society our remarks are directed; it is the principle we wish to impress. The National Guard is the bulwark of the State and Nation.

Men with military inclinations should join it, and organized bodies whose first object is not purely patriotic should not be allowed to carry arms.

THE SMOKELESS POWDER QUESTION.

THE recent bursting of a ten inch gun at Sandy Hook has disturbed the confidence of our artillerists in the reliability of smokeless powder; just at the time when we are introducing it extensively into our naval and military service. For the idea of abolishing the new powder is not to be entertained for a moment. All Europe is committed to its use and we are already so far behind in this matter that a retrograde step at this juncture would be disastrous. We have been informed on the very best authority that immediately upon receipt of the tidings of the Sandy Hook disaster, the Department cancelled all orders for smokeless powder. If this be the case, the responsible authorities must have been in a state bordering upon panic, and the War Department is surely the last quarter in which a panic should be possible.

The accident is being made the subject of very careful inquiry, whose resulting verdict would carry more weight if the question of smokeless powder had been taken up in earnest several years earlier than it was, and our ordnance officers had acquired that familiarity with the subject which can only be gained by long and careful study in the laboratory and at the testing ground. It is an open secret that the War Department has been prejudiced, or, at least, very conservative in its attitude toward this most important military question; and in its investigation of this, the first actual catastrophe due to the new propellant, it should guard against jumping to hasty conclusions, or being influenced by pre-conceived ideas. Conserv-

atism is an excellent quality in the abstract, and there are certain spheres of activity, in which we cannot well have too much of it. But the field of artillery and explosives is certainly not one of these; and it is a question whether it was not the determination of our experts to take no risks and make no mistakes that placed the country in the serious plight as to powder in which it was found at the opening of the Spanish War.

Official conservatism, the determination not to imperil expert reputation by risky, but none the less imperative experimental work, is responsible for many of the fatalities at Santiago and in the Philippines. Surely, in our experimental work we could have afforded to burst one or two guns or wreck a powder factory, if by such work the 20 or 30 per cent. increase in our dead and wounded, due to tell-tale brown powder would have been avoided. And that it could have been avoided the official dispatches only too clearly show.

Too much importance cannot be attached to the smokeless powder question, seeing that it touches so nearly the very foundation of our system of naval and military defenses.

The firing records obtained under the late Captain Sidney E. Stuart, prove that it was possible for practically the same charges of brown powder to show a variation of over 80 per cent. in the pressures developed. Thus, while 400 pounds in a 12 inch gun gave a normal chamber pressure of 36,000, 406 pounds showed a pressure of 60,000 pounds; while of 2 charges of 200 pounds in a 10 inch gun, one showed 37,600 pounds in the chamber and the other 59,000 pounds.

Evidently, occasional irregularity in pressure is not confined to powders of the smokeless kind, and in view of the general excellence and uniformity of the results obtained with our smokeless powder, we cannot but feel that any determination to stop the introduction of an up-to-date propellant into our service is greatly to be deplored. As is shown in the article referred to, the possible causes of abnormal pressure have been investigated and are in a fair way to become definitely known. Here is one of the most promising fields for further investigation of which we know.

Personal Mention

Captain Marshall L. Case and Lieutenant Shindel were interested spectators at the competitive drill of the High School Cadets.

Corporal Irving L. Wilson, of the Second Troop, Philadelphia City Cavalry, is the General Superintendent of the military establishment of Jacob Reeds' Sons, Philadelphia.

Governor Stone has wisely selected and appointed Captain Muckle on his staff, who was formerly the commander of the State Navy. There is now but one arm of the service missing on the staff, that of a cavalry officer.

The election of Lieutenant Alonzo Gartley as commander of the naval force of Pennsylvania took place on Monday evening, June 19th, on board the old frigate, "St. Louis." Pennsylvania will shortly have a navy second to none of the several States.

We regret very much to learn of the resignation of Colonel Henry A. Coursen, 13th Infantry. He has been an ardent supporter of the Guard for nearly a quarter of a century, and we hope that his retirement from the line will bring him the merited single star shoulder strap.

The reorganization of the Guard goes on slowly but surely, and by September 1st, we may look for a compact organization, such as has never been known before in the history of the National Guard of the United States. The troops will be about twelve thousand strong.

Lieutenant Wm. Dunlap, Company B, 16th Infantry, while attending a fire several days ago, met with a very painful accident. The floor on which he was gave way, and in the descent his hand caught on a rusty nail, and he was thus suspended between the ceiling and floor for some time before relief came. His hand was terribly lacerated.

The inspection of the Second Troop, Philadelphia City Cavalry, on Saturday, May 3, at Fort Washington, was very superior. 57 out of 60 troopers reported, 25 having bivouacked the night before, June 2, in order to break in their steeds for the next day.

The mounted drill, which lasted over one hour, was very exhaustive, and showed the hard practice the Troop had received. The dismounted drill was also very good, finally terminating with guard duty.

The many officers who were present highly complimented Captain Schermerhorn on the success he had achieved.

The organization of the "Spanish American Volunteers" propose holding their first annual encampment and reunion in Washington, D. C., September 4th to 6th inclusive, which promises to be a grand affair.

The qualifications for membership in this new "Grand Army" are as follows: Any officer or enlisted man who responded to the call for volunteers between the date of the declaration of war with Spain and the signing of the treaty of peace, is eligible for membership. Dishonorable discharges in any branch of the service will bar membership.

The Executive Committee comprises Major General Joseph Wheeler, Brigadier General J. P. S. Gobin, Colonel George M. Studebaker, Major Edward C. Davis, Major Russell B. Harrison and Mr. Wm. Christopher Liller, who is Secretary, and resides at Lancaster, Pa.

THE LATE BRIG. GEN. FRANK J. MAGEE

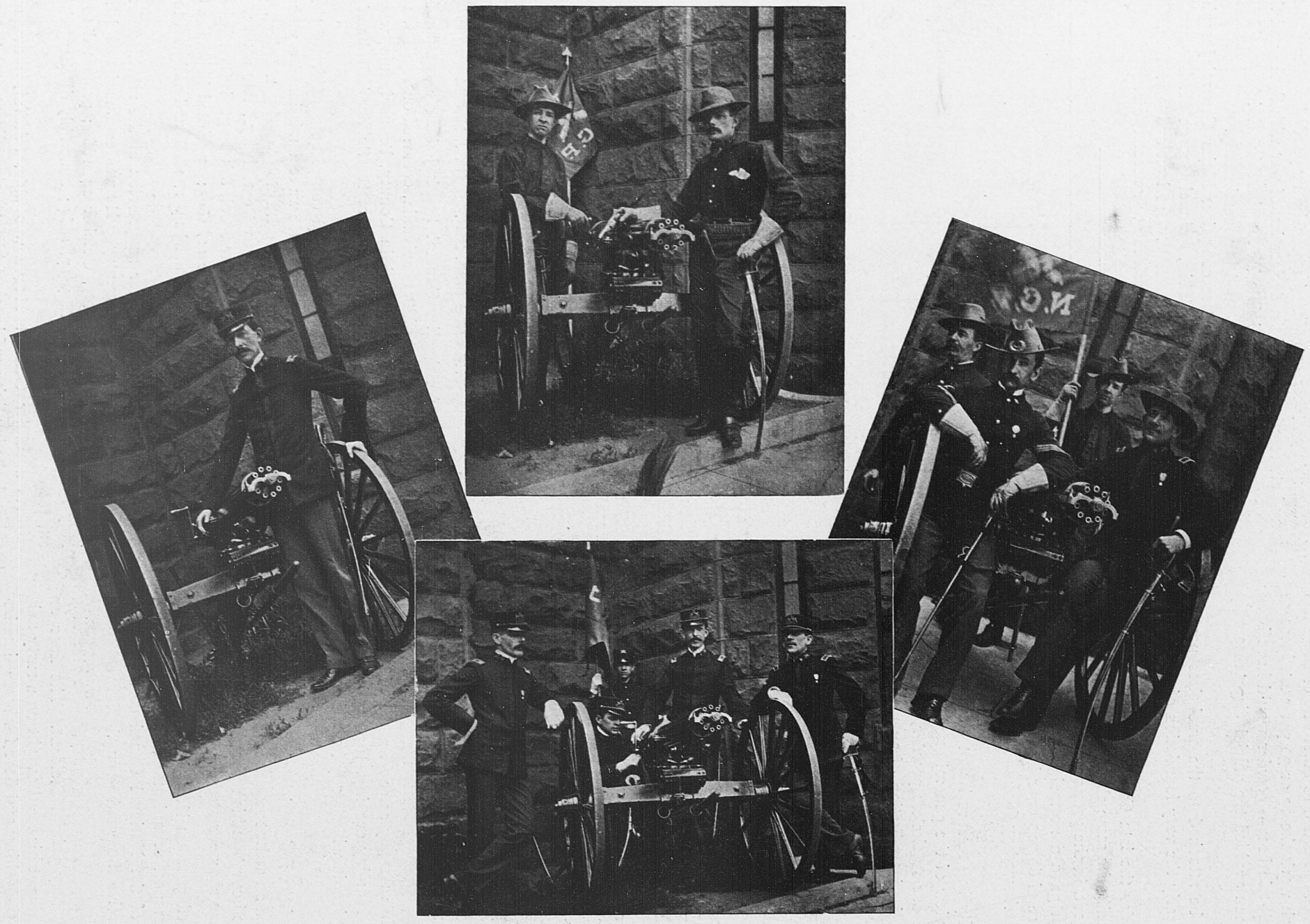
The death of Brigadier General Frank J. Magee, commanding Third Brigade, National Guard of Pennsylvania, occurred on April 8, 1899, at six o'clock P. M., at Scotland, Franklin County, Pennsylvania, where he was temporarily residing as superintendent of the Soldiers' Orphans' Industrial School.

General Magee was a faithful and conspicuous officer of the National Guard of Pennsylvania for 27 years. He was commissioned captain Company "I," 8th Regt. Inft., July 22, 1872; Lt. Col. 8th Regt. Infty., Angust 4, 1874; re-elected captain Co. "I," 8th Regt. Infty., August 24, 1874, July 22, 1877, and July 22, 1882; elected Col. 8th Regt. Infty., June 11, 1885; re-elected June 14, 1890, and June 11, 1895; appointed Brigadier General of the National Guard of Pennsylvania July 1, 1898, and assigned to command of the Third Brigade.

As a soldier in the war for suppression of the rebellion, he rendered distinguished service to his country. He was commissioned Lt. Co. "I," 76th Regt., Penna. Vol. Infty., October 24, 1861; promoted to First Lt, May 15, 1862; to Captain May 17, 1864; honorably discharged November 28, 1864.

As a soldier General Magee was able, faithful, brave and always enjoyed the implicit confidence of his superior officers and the respect and admiration of the men whom he commanded. He was an exemplary citizen and filled with fidelity and honesty many positions of trust and responsibility.

His life, lived in purity and uprightness, added to the fame and worth of the American citizen soldier, and emphasized the value and the honor of American citizenship.



Very few officers have succeeded in effecting so thorough an organization in the length of time in which it was organized as Captain Clarence J. Carpenter, commanding Battery "D."

The Battery was mustered into the State service July 11, 1898, through the efforts of Colonel Sheldon Potter, at that time Chief of Artillery on the Governor's Staff.

Fortunately Captain Carpenter and his present officers had served in the original Battery "A," and their knowledge of the artillery arm proved invaluable for the new organization.

Shortly after the mustering in these gentlemen were elected commissioned officers, and it is safe to say that the State has never had a finer organization than Light Battery "D."

GEORGE FETTEROLF
1st Lieut. and Asst. Surg.

THEODORE MARIS
1st Lieut., Sr.

HOWELL W. PANCOAST
2d Lieut.

CLARENCE J. CARPENTER
Captain

RICHARD WOTOWETZ, JR.
1st Lieut., Jr.

ALBION M. ROBBINS
2d Lieut. Q. M.

Photographed by Kuebler

Phototype Engraving Co.

OFFICERS OF BATTERY "D," N. G. P.

RECENT ORDERS, N. G. P.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE.
Harrisburg June 5, 1899.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 22.

In compliance with Section 60, Act of Assembly approved April 28, 1899, the following appointment on the Staff of the Commander-in-Chief is hereby announced:

Commander John S. Muckle, Naval Force of Pennsylvania, with the relative Naval rank of Captain, (Colonel).

He will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

By order of WILLIAM A. STONE,
Governor and Commander-in-Chief.

THOMAS J. STEWART,
Adjutant General.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE.
Harrisburg, Pa., June 6, 1899.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 23.

I. The following appointments in the Medical Department of the National Guard of Pennsylvania are hereby announced:

Joseph K. Weaver, of Montgomery County, to be Surgeon, with the rank of Major.

George H. Halberstadt, of Schuylkill County, to be Surgeon, with the rank of Major.

They will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

II. Major Joseph K. Weaver, Surgeon, is hereby assigned to duty as Brigade Surgeon, First Brigade, and will report to Commanding Officer, First Brigade.

Major George H. Halberstadt, Surgeon, is hereby assigned to duty as Brigade Surgeon, Third Brigade, and will report to Commanding Officer, Third Brigade.

By order of WILLIAM A. STONE,
Governor and Commander-in-Chief.

THOMAS J. STEWART,
Adjutant General.

LIEUTENANT OLIVER HOUGH
Co. "G.," 3d Infantry

CAPTAIN WILLIAM C. WALLACE
Commanding Light Battery "B," stationed at Pittsburgh

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE.
Trenton, N. J., May 3, 1899.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 8.

I. During the period from July 1, 1899, to September 16, 1899, a Camp of Instruction in Rifle Practice is hereby established on the Rifle Range at the State Camp, Sea Girt, New Jersey.

II. In accordance with the Military Code of this State, as published in General Orders No. 5, office of Adjutant General, May 4, 1897, the Camp of Instruction in Rifle Practice will be under the command of the Inspector-General of Rifle Practice, or, in his absence, some officer detailed by him in orders.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief

WILLIAM S. STRYKER,
Adjutant-General.

Official:
A. C. OLIPHANT,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

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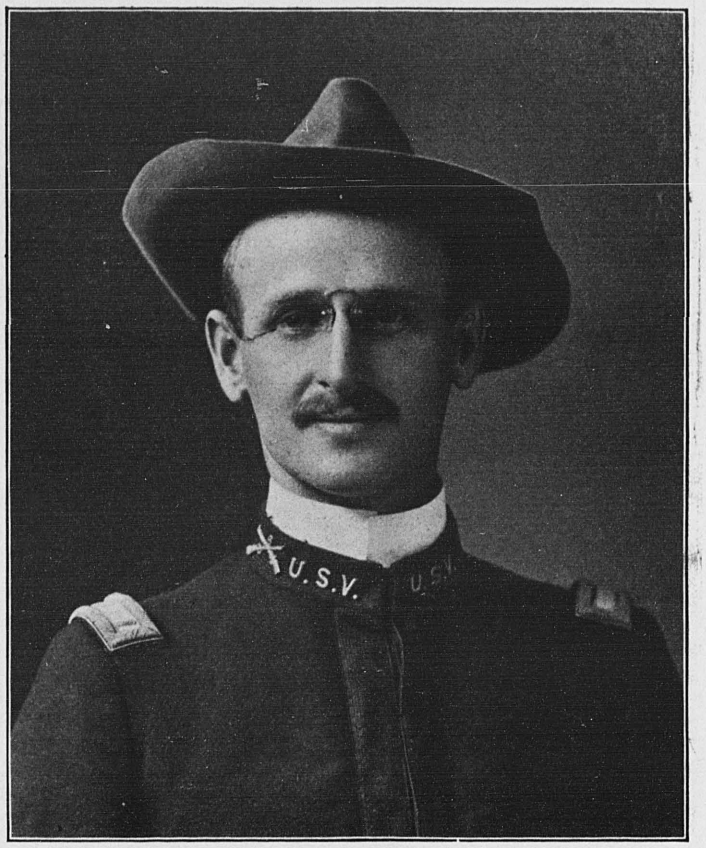

Lieut. HOWARD C. PRICE, formerly Adj. 6th Infantry.

LIEUTENANT HOWARD C. PRICE.

Howard Campbell Price, one of the men from Pennsylvania, who was selected by President McKinley for appointment from civil life to a Second Lieutenancy in the Regular Army of the United States, is not unknown in the history of the National Guard of his native State, but through his merits and strict attention to the duties which have come to him in any station he has been called to fill, he rose step by step, untl he held a high rank in the organization, when he entered the service of the General Government.

Howard Campbell Price was born in Chester, Delaware County on April 15, 1872. He is the son of William Gray and Jennie C. Price. On his paternal side he is descended from Peter Alrich, who was prominent in the history of the Delaware River settlements when the territory was in the ownership of the Dutch. His great grandfather Saml. Price was a Revolutionary soldier, his grandfather a soldier of the War of 1812, his father a soldier of the Civil War, and he was a soldier of the Spanish War of 1898. He was educated in the common schools of his native City. On November 11, 1890, he enlisted as a private in Company B, 6th Regiment, N. G. P. On July 11, 1892, he was appointed a Corporal, and the following day was promoted to Assistant Sergeant Major. This promotion took place during the Homestead riots of that year and was made while the troops were in active service in the suppression of the outbreak. On February 27, 1893, he was promoted to Fourth Corporal and on March 3 of the same year was made Assistant Sergeant Major, and on August 1st, was made Division Assistant Sergeant Major, and on August 24th, he was promoted to Adjutant of the First Battalion, Sixth Regiment, with the rank of Lieutenant. When the Sixth Regiment enlisted in the service of the United States, he retained that position during all the time the troops were at Camp Alger and other stations awaiting orders to be sent to the front. On February 20, 1899, he was promoted Aide-de-Camp on the staff of Brigadier General Schall, with the rank of Captain and held that grade when he received the appointment of President McKinley as Second Lieutenant in the Regular Army, and was assigned to Company D, 5th U. S. Infantry, now stationed at Santiago, Cuba, where Lieutenant Price is now stationed.

Lieutenant Price is a member of the Pennsylvania Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, admitted thereto by reason of his descent from Samuel Price, already mentioned as a soldier in the War for Independence.

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REV. JOHN D. SKILTON.

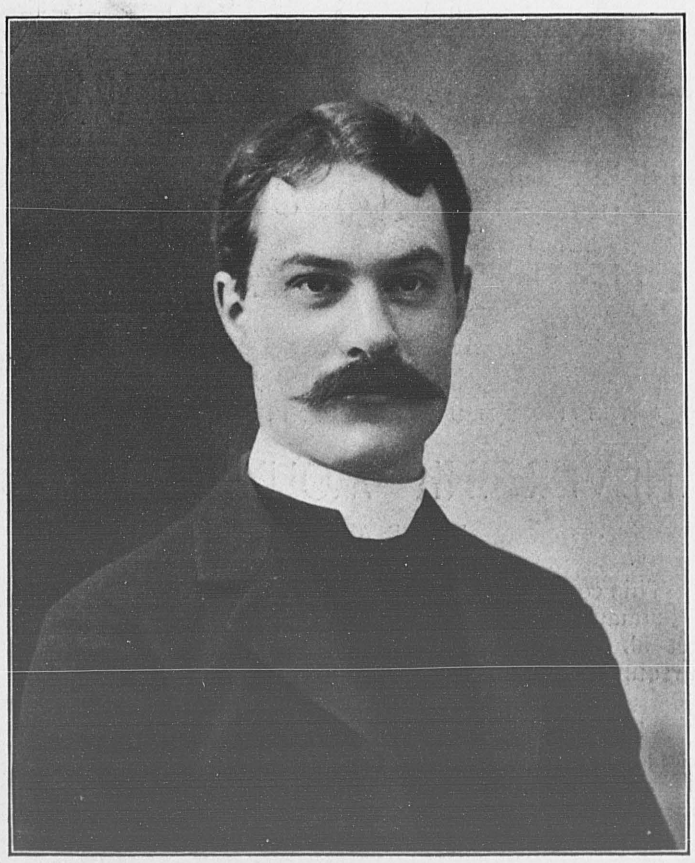
The Rev. John D. Skilton is a native of Ohio. He received his academic education at Kenyon College, graduating with highest honors from the classical course in 1888. In recognition of his scholarship he was elected in his junior year to the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

After his graduation, he devoted a year to tutoring in Greek and Latin, when he went abroad for extensive travel.

On his return to this country, he entered the Divinity School of the Episcopal Church in Philadelphia, from which institution he graduated in 1892. The same year his Alma Mater conferred on him the degree of A. M., *in cursu.*

About this time Mr. Skilton accepted a call to the Assistantship of St. Paul's Church, Cleveland, Ohio. In this parish he was eminently successful and in addition to discharging his regular duties he established the Chapel of St. Philip the Apostle, in Brooklyn. While in Cleveland, Mr. Skilton served an enlistment in Troop A, O. N. G., the famous "Black Horse Troop," in which he received the military discipline for which that organization is justly famous.

In 1897, he went abroad on leave of absence and served at the American Church at Nice, afterward devoting considerable time to travel on the Continent. Returning, he served at St. Paul's until April of this year, when he became Principal of Cheltenham Military Academy. Mr. Skilton assumed his duties at his formal installation, which occurred on May first. As an intimate friend of the late Dr. Rice, the new principal is well qualified to carry out the former's successful policy. Besides his marked literary and military fitness Mr. Skilton is a man of unusual business ability, a qualification so necessary to one in his present position. Since the inception of his administration, only words of the highest praise have been heard in reference to him and his work and the Academy is to be congratulated upon securing one so well qualified to be its head.



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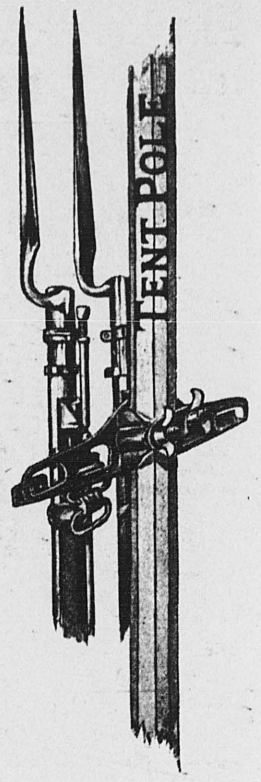

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